

the omen

february 20, 2004
volume 22 issue 2

a magazine for people that wear bow ties.
and people that don't.



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THE OFFICIAL OMEN MATH:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)



to submit

Submissions are due **Saturdays before 5 p.m.** You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Jeffrey Paternostro, **Prescott 98A, x5141**. You may also use e-mail. Send e-mail submissions to **jlp00@hampshire.edu**

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.

Visit the Omen's very simple website at omen.hampshire.edu

"You can't fuck a void."

Quote attributed to Alli Hartley

VEXED, LIES AND VIDEOTAPE

Editorial



by: Jeffrey Paternostro, Editor-in-Chief

People like to crap on student government at Hampshire. Often times, such complaints are valid. Hampshire governance has a history of sleaze, apathy, pushing personal agendas, and arguing over really stupid stuff. Historically, the OMEN (although as a publication, it takes no political stance) has been home to plenty of anti-governance rants. Off the top of my head, I can think of at least two articles in the last few years that called for the complete dismantling of Council and its subcommittees. For my part, I have historically been a vocal critic of Council, FiCom, et al. when warranted. Not to say that I don't respect the obscene hours these people put in, just that I think they could spend those hours being more productive. Usually I have more ideological fish to fry, but this week, I'd like to mire myself down in the pragmatic, and ask a simple question of Council's most noteworthy subcommittee, FiCom. That question is, WHO IN THE FUCK THOUGHT IT WAS A GOOD IDEA TO MAKE STUDENT GROUPS GET BLANK MEDIA THROUGH COLLECTIVE IMAGE?

Now, as a signer for probably the two student groups that go through the most blank media in a semester, the World Wrestling Collective (current) and Darwin's Kids (former), I think it might have been prudent for FiCom, to say, consult with me before making such a drastic shift in policy. Now, it's one thing for say, the Slam Poetry Collective, to need a DV tape here or there to record a performance. It is quite another when the lifeblood of your student

group requires a constant supply of blank media in order to fulfill the requirements of its charter. This semester Darwin's Kids will produce four episodes, filming pretty much every weekend this semester. Per episode, we go through an average four dv tapes of raw footage plus one for exporting a master copy. So, using a little basic math $(4+1) \times 4 = 20$ DV tapes a semester. We've started filming by the time you've picked up this issue. Collective Image says they can fill orders by mid-semester. Does anyone see a problem here? Not only that, if I were to, say, buy a DV tape or five so that my student group can actually function, I could not get reimbursed for it. It's not like I am buying pizza or a trip to Japan here, guys. I work on a tv show, and we don't go out live. I need blank media to put the footage on.

Of course, this all could have been solved if FiCom had bothered to make a simple inquiry to me, or any of the signers in my groups. A simple heads up, and I would have told them why this wouldn't work. I would have no problem going through Collective Image if they could meet the needs of my student groups. It seems they can't, and I am painted into a corner, and forced to either spend my own money or have others spend theirs so my student groups can continue to function. That's something that this whole process of funding is supposed to prevent.

Oh yeah, and it would be so hard to let a signer opt out of signer training after doing it for five semesters. Seriously. I love you guys, but I know how to fill out a goddamn RFP by now.

Until next time, don't worry about the government.



policy

The Omen is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the Omen receives, provided it is sent from a member of the Hampshire community, will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The Omen will not edit anything you write

(except spelling and grammar). You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the Omen do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no Omen staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Kiva at 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.

The Omen loves you.





AARON GO BRÁGH!

Good thing my 'refurbished' laptop has WordPad... yep, only top-of-the-line word processors for me.

Greetings! Or should I say 'Failte' (welcome, in modern Irish). Innui, *án ghrian ag taitneamh, ach tá sé fuar an chomh*. Don't worry, it's really not important what it says. Just oggle at all the words, and believe me when I tell you they aren't pronounced anything like you think they should be. I mean French, Spanish, even German make some sense as far as pronunciation with the good 'ol Roman alphabet. The Irish seem not at all concerned with such trivial phonetic paradigms. Maybe they're still pissed about possible Roman plans to invade in the 4th century. A grudge of c.1700 years? Not bad, not bad at all.

Right enough, I've filled your head with the requisite b.s. for any Omen editorial. Let me get down to its proverbial 'meat,' and relate to you the highly amusing circumstances to which I awake each day. In case you a) don't know me, or b) didn't catch the subtle hints in the previous paragraph, I'm in Ireland. Indeedy-doo, I'm doing that infamous 'study abroad' thing we students do so well. And why *Eire*, you ask? Because otherwise I'd be in the snow and ice in Massachusetts. 'Nuff said.

So here I am in a student apartment about 5 minutes from the main campus of University

College Cork, and 1/2 hour from the music building that is nowhere near the main campus of University College Cork. They apparently decided to go with a BU-style walkabout-town-campus for an institution of around 12,000 students, but then only a fucking moron would equate Cork with Boston, in fact the same moron who might say snorting nutmeg is like snorting really caustic crack. My apartment consists of a 4th year Irish student named Dónal, a Canadian named Gina (originally from Uganda, apparently a whole load of Ugandans have moved to Canada, something I had not previously heard), and the requisite Italian guy named Daniele. I say 'requisite' because I couldn't imagine living without this guy- truly an excellent human being. Takes full advantage of the Erasmus program, a scholarship fund for EU students studying abroad, by getting mono in Decemeber and still not going to classes once he's recovered.

Umm, that wasn't supposed to sound sarcastic, but oh well. He'd think it was funny.

At any rate, Daniele has been a great guy to know over here. It appears Italians hang out in droves- you invite one over you've pretty much invited a whole grand crew. Now this isn't to say it's impossible to have just one Italian for dinner, but you should present to him/her an affidavit proving you only have enough food for 2.

That way when they bring a friend anyway, you'll be o.k. because you prepared an extra piece of pork as back-up. Italians are also wicked generous, so you're practically guaranteed that the additional friend will invite you over for pasta or polenta at a later date. At this point I'd say I know more Italians than people from any other ethnic group (including Irish), by virtue of the fact that around 20 of my 32 dinners here have involved a large group of Italians. Awesome. In summary I'm meeting lots of new people (largely Italian).

Which brings me to my next topic: Dublin. What's this? Another non-sequiter you say? Actually it's not- although I readily admit to my love of abrupt changes in topic. Instead I mention Dublin because I went there 2 week-ends ago wiiiiiiith. . . . a group of 5 Italians! (only 2 of whom I'd met before). And how did this happen? Through Daniele, of course. No, he himself didn't actually come with us, but during one of our dinners his friend Silvia (who I only met that evening) invited me along for the trip. I mulled it over, and soon decided I would never be going to Dublin with a bunch of Italians again. *C'est si facile*.

At this point in the article I'd like to apologize for the constant reference to Italians, but the fact remains that Daniele and the rest account for about 1/2 of all my activities and acquaintances here. Back to the story.

by Aaron Buchsbaum

We left for Dublin on a Friday afternoon, a trip of about 4 1/2 hours (traffic dependent) by bus. For those of you with little Irish geography- i.e. who were like me before coming to Ireland- Cork is along the southern coast, just a little left of center. Dublin is perhaps 1/3 of the way up the eastern coast. As an added reference, you can probably traverse the entire country, north to south, in about 12 hours. We arrived towards 7pm, and made our way to the hostel. Miriam had brought along a fairly comprehensive guide book, which was, of course, written in Italian. This would serve as an interesting bit of education for myself during the 3-day trip, as discussion of where we were going and what we should do was often conducted in Italian. Silvia was extremely generous in her attempts to translate such conversations, but there were many times where I just kind of smiled and took in the Dublin scenery while the rest of the Italian Connection debated about one thing or another. Obviously we're not talking about eye-gouging experiences of isolation and disconnect here, but now I know what it can feel like to be with a group of people who you can barely hope to understand. At one point I asked them for a useful Italian phrase were I to visit Italy. They told me how to ask for the American Embassy, a phrase which has since escaped from my pint-addled brain.

The hostel was pretty excellent. Huge clean kitchen, huge clean living room, pool table downstairs, fresh linen upstairs. Perhaps a bit on the expen-

sive side, but we were all quite content during our stay. Speaking of expensive, the currency exchange rate is currently about 1.29 US to 1 Euro. This means adding 30 cents to every Euro, 3 dollars to every 10 Euros spent, etc. . . . And Ireland doesn't exactly cut corners on the prices. Their economy fairly likes the EU system, as do the pubs serving the increased student population visiting from other EU countries. And of course I can't talk about pubs and Dublin without mentioning Guinness. Holy Gods- my friends told me, quite rightly, that once I've had Guinness in Dublin I'll never touch the stuff in the states. Well I still might, but only if had a different label denoting it as something altogether different from, and completely unassociated with, Guinness. For those of you who don't care to follow the innuendo logic inherent in the previous sentence: my friends were right. Cheers.

Back to the hostel; I tried unsuccessfully to get my Italian Connection to try the porridge (a.k.a. oatmeal) I had brought along. They were much happier to share their pasta than to accept my strange slurry of over-processed oats. After dinner we went out on the town, down the main commercial thoroughfare where we saw absolutely NOBODY. After a brief discussion, my Italian friends and I congenially laid aside our cultural differences and agreed that Dublin's behavior was, thus far, abnormal. Granted this was not pub-central, the store fronts dominated by Ireland's answers to The Gap and Banana Republic (namely Roches Stores and O²). However I don't think it

unreasonable to expect, you know, PEOPLE to be walking here or there on a Friday night. Then again, I tend to eat carrots in an altogether strange manner (kind of like corn), a behavior that renders many of my 'sensible' beliefs quite the opposite. I leave such decisions to the reader's discretion.

We eventually reached a pub (rather we finally decided on which one of the bazillions to enter) that was ostensibly frequented by James Joyce. Probably this is a myth, but the place was still quite nice; Some guy singing a mixture of soft rock, folk, and country (the good kind, like Johnny Cash), and huge illuminated stained-glass panels on the ceiling. There I had my first magical taste of Dublin Guinness, whilst my associates opted for Bailey's or Irish Coffee. After about 40 minutes and a history lesson from a drunken local, we went off in search of bigger and better things. And what do we find in our next Dublin pub, The Mezz? Blues music! OF COURSE!!! HOW FREAKIN' OBVIOUS!!! We shoved our way to a table, dropped our coats, and shouted at each other above the lonesome tunes. After that grew boring, several of the crew ordered some drinks, while another Italian (Alberto) and I went to get closer to the band. Now I'll readily admit that the band was good- possibly with the exception of the blasé bassist and the Woody-Allen-lanky tenor sax guy- but I was still listening to blues in Ireland, a country that was quite decidedly not involved in the creation of this musical genre. I couldn't decide if it was surreal, fun,

or a complete waste of time. Being that the music was free, I decided against the latter, but was nonetheless miffed about listening to 'Hollywood Dan' and 'Big Papa' something-or-other instead of some traditional Irish fellows. Our crew stayed around until the set was over, then wandered home for some quality-assured sleep.

Saturday was the requisite whirlwind tour of Dublin, passing by numerous parks and monuments, looking at all the spiffy doors (Dublin has this thing about door decorations), and enjoying a couple of free art museums. The highlight of the day for me was, most definitely, seeing the Book of Kells. Holy Shit (and I really do mean *holy*!) For those of you not in 'the know,' the Book of Kells is a c. 8th century gospel probably written on Iona, a small island off the west coast of Scotland. It is quite possibly the most beautifully illustrated gospel in existence today, having survived some 1300 years through theft, fire, travel, and prayer. This thing is absolutely astounding in its human time and effort, each page written in an extremely fine Latin script, with grand illuminated pages interspersed throughout. The day I visited, the book was open to the beginning of the book of John, a gorgeous two-page pictorial spread of delicate knotwork and figure drawings. I stayed with it for over half an hour, apparently long enough to cause some worry amongst my travelling companions. Unbeknownst to me, they had completed the mini-museum and book viewing much quicker than myself and, after waiting outside for said half an hour,

decided I might have left before them and gotten lost. This supposition ended with Silvia running up to me, panting "oh my God! We didn't know what happened to you!" just after I left the display room. Just like an American to get all spiritual on your ass when you least expect it, right? Yeah, maybe.

At night we made our way to the famous Temple Bar, a place full of beer placards and drunken Scottish women old enough to be your mother, but who nonetheless insist on pinching your ass. They told me I had a good ass, better than those of my Italian friends, which somehow turned the experience into something of a compliment. I spent most of the night perched on a stool near the wall, occasionally being encouraged to "Ge' pahssed" by a very Irish guy with short red hair. Instead, I opted to do some quality people-watching until the bar closed at 1:30am, and headed back to the hostel to brush up on my Viking history.

Sunday morning saw several unsuccessful attempts to visit cathedrals, followed by an excellent meal of fish'n'chips overlooking one of the main streets. Alberto asked me what was the best type of fish to try, and I told him to go for the haddock. Whether or not this is the traditional Irish option I can't rightly say, however it was the cheapest, and only required 5 of the 10 remaining Euros in my wallet. I also opted for a glass of hot chocolate, a choice I later deemed 'sketchy' by virtue of its incongruence with loads of deep-fried food. Every meal also came with a free donut, obviously because

the restaurant was very concerned about wasting any oil... Jesus.

Soon enough we were back on a bus headed towards sunny (not really) Cork and my apartment along the river, which by the way keeps getting higher but never quite spills over into the parking lot. My travel-mates were all quite tired by this time, and opted for public transportation as a means to return to their own places of habitude. Me, being the strange American that I am, walked 25 minutes home so that I could stop for an ice-cream bar on the way. Nothing like the sweetness of a Magnum Double Caramel at 10pm on a cold and blustery Sunday eve... I dunno, just seemed like the thing to do.

That pretty much sums up my first foray into Dublin. I'm actually headed back up this weekend (of the 13th, that is) for a fencing tournament where I'll be competing in *Épée*, much to my chagrin. It's the only weapon in modern sport fencing which affords the possibility that both combatants get a point on the same touch: i.e. let's kill each other and be rewarded for it. *Je ne suis pas un philosophe, mais je crois quelque chose ne marche pas ici*. Oh, and you can hit someone in the foot.

At any rate, I'll continue this log some other time. I hear the Trinity crowd (site of the fencing tourney) is a snobbish one, they look down on their Cork brethren in much the same way Sherlock Holmes looks down on Dick Tracy. I'll let you know all about it you lucky, lucky little shits. *Slán go faille*.



THE WHORE IN '04

by Karl Moore

Yo mama's like a 3.5 inch diskette- floppy and obsolete.

Yo mama's starring in the Vagina Monologues. No... wait... now I remember: you can recite monologues *in* her vagina. The acoustics kick ass.

Yo mama gave me head while I was watching *Commando*. That rocked.

Yo mama undergoes mitosis... WITH MY DICK! That's right, I straight split the bitch in half.

Yo mama's like Minas Tirith- big, white, and penetrable.

A lot of what your mom says gets lost in translation, seeing as I don't speak Dick In Mouth.

Yo mama has a tattoo on the small of her back. She's an idiot.

Yo mama falls off a lot of shit. I think it's an inner ear thing.

Yo mama requires a kevlar condom.

Yo mama and those four bitches she hang out with make a RETARDED looking giant robot.

Yo mama's so fat there's a toll to cross her ass-crack.

Yo mama is ten pounds of shit in a five-pound bag. The bag is also made from shit, with 40% post-consumer recycled content.

What's that you see / on the horizon / why do the white gulls call? It's your mom, and they're picking insects out of her fat.

Yo mama's so fat, it took me three days to incinerate her remains.

Yo mama's like my KIA: cheap, defective, and lying in a ditch.

Yo mama's a hoax.

Yo mama leaks like Windows' source code.

Yo mama tore her ACL clean off. Say bye-bye to the WNBA, bitch.

Yo mama's autobiography was ghost-written... BY MY DICK!

Yo mama smell like a stillborn stuffed with fruit cocktail.

Yo mama has this... kindness in her eyes. I don't see her very often, or for very long, but when I do, it's that fleeting gentle rush that keeps me going. Oh, and she's a droopy-titted whore.



SECTION LIES



FICTION, POETRY,
SATIRE, AND
OTHER STUFF

CUNNILINGUS

Pre-med students tasted the best by far. Gary spread a layer of honey mustard into the envelope of pita bread. He hadn't been quite able to figure out what it was that made them so delicious, but he had an idea. For starters, they tended to be healthy eaters, minding their diets after spending their days grueling over medical books that stated the effects of malnutrition. They rarely got terribly sick, keeping their bodies constantly primed and on the lookout for an outbreak of disease. On the other hand though, maybe it was just their study patterns. Up late nights reading voluminous tomes while their suite mates went out drinking and whoring around, their systems were generally kept clean of the junk that infested most collegiate student bodies. That really depended on the time of year though. Cook up a Pre-med the week after finals and you'll find that she's stoked out on more junk than you would have thought was humanly possible. You may find yourself wondering if you really killed her, or maybe even, if you've done her a favor.

Gary remembered what that was like, being stressed out and tense all the time. He used to fidget in classes, wanting to absorb all the information, but at the same time wanting to run out the door and back to Dakin, seeking the holy refuge of his single dorm

room. He'd been on a lot of drugs then, too. His first year and a half he was just as much of an easy going stoner as the next. I mean, who panics on a Div I? Those are the good days. Free roaming, easy living. Do an independent project here, show up for class there- it was a good life. Div II had been much of the same in the beginning. Filing had been a bitch. Fucking bureaucratic paperwork trail. But beyond that it'd all been cool. Later though, things had gotten a little rough.

Gretchen bopped in through the porch door just as Gary was laying the final slices of meat on his sandwich. She had a MP3 player plugged in and was wiggling her hips to the music causing her flowing skirt to undulate around her skinny legs. She smiled benevolently at Gary before grabbing a SoyShake from the fridge and prancing off to her room upstairs. That was the beauty of living with vegans. He'd spent a lot of time and energy getting into just the right mod this year. Donut One was far enough from the main part of campus that there was rarely any extra traffic pushing through. His mod mates themselves mostly stayed out all day, hesitating to make the trip back to this far corner of the earth. Setting himself up with just the right vegans, though, that had taken a lot of work. They couldn't be hard core about it. No way was he listen-

by Maya Pignitore

ing to a rant about the poor baby lambs every time he tried to eat something. They had to be lenient vegans. The type of vegans who'd be okay with him using the oven while they were out of the house; vegans who would never bother nor care to look inside the big cooler he kept in the hall closet. Gary nodded to himself as he sat down on a dilapidated Victorian couch with a rather prominent stain on the left arm. Yes, he'd chosen wisely and it had paid off in full.

He thought back on the past two semesters. In the beginning, it had really been a challenge, especially since he was still living in the dorms back then. His first kill, well, he'd had to eat her raw. It hadn't been terribly pleasant, but it was what he'd needed. After that he began to create a system, working out the kinks as he went along. The cooler had been the first step. He wouldn't be able to cook them right after the kill, the situation had never presented itself that conveniently. Well, okay, there was that one time up in the Poconos. He'd been dating the girl on the sly and had managed to get her up there as a last minute 'surprise' without anyone knowing. The cabin he'd rented had a nice old wood burning stove. Sure, he'd felt a little guilty, what with the pollution a thing like that gives off, but Gary'd be damned if that wasn't the best variation on Beef Wellington he'd ever tasted.

Beyond that one time though, he generally had to be pretty creative with how he cooked them. He kept the cooler in the back of his van stocked with a fresh supply of

ice. There were a variety of methods he could employ in the actual cooking of the meat. First were the kitchens in the basements of Dakin and Merrill. He could only use those in the very dead of night and early morning. It was a battle between when most students were asleep and when Phys Plant showed up. The smell of roasting human flesh is distinct, if nothing else. You really need to keep other people out of the way while the thing is in the oven. Occasionally he would get his friends out in the mods to lend him the use of their kitchen for the night. Getting an empty mod for the night isn't too much of a problem. Depending on what type of cut he was preparing he'd need as little as twenty minutes to four hours at the most. Get a party night, or an extended weekend when everyone is home, cooking in the mods was a wonderful solution. There were those times though when Gary would take his prize out into the woods. Deep within the mountain range he would cook up a meal fit for a king, slow roasted over the fire, crisp and brittle on the outside, juicy and sweet in the center.

Having his own mod to work in though, that was a thing of genius. He would still go out into the woods from time to time, but cooking at home was so much more convenient. Gary took a bite of his sandwich and savored the musky taste of the meat, offset by the cumin-based seasoning. He'd really become quite the chef in the past year. Of course he mostly just cooked for himself, but from time to time he'd prepare a normal meal for someone

else. When he'd gone home for spring break last year, he'd offered to cook for the whole family. They raved that it was the best rack of lamb they'd ever tasted, the lemon sauce really set off the tang of the meat. He preferred his own cutlets still, but it had been a great meal.

He went over to the coffee pot on the counter and poured himself a big cup of java. Cooking the meat had been a problem for a little while, but disposing of the bones? What a hassle. It wasn't like he could leave them out in the woods or anything. People were looking for these girls. People cared. Damn people. Gary made sure he kept up a certain level of variation between the five colleges. He wouldn't go to one place too often. Plus, he was a fairly normal looking and friendly guy. In a crowded room, people would come over and talk to him rather than call the cops. On the other hand, if someone finds out you've got a van full of bones parked outside your mod, well, being normal looking doesn't count for much then.

Once he'd tried to eat the bones. Yeah, no, that didn't work. He'd gnawed down some phalanges, but it was rough on his teeth and tasted none too good. A few times he'd taken a bunch of them up to this cave on the mountainside and smashed them to bits. That had worked out pretty well, but he was afraid of doing it too often. High accumulation in one area would be more noticeable to any passing hikers. Last March he'd had a great break. He had been talking to an art student on the verge of starting her Div III. She wanted to present a display

that would represent the evil of the white patriarchal capitalistic empire in trying to infiltrate the societies of indigenous peoples. He encased a large portion of the bone collection in Plaster of Paris, and gave them to her for a small, yet reasonable, price. The show ended up being extremely successful, and had gone on tour to various galleries around the country, bones and all. Gary had to admit, that move had the gleam of genius to it.

On the couch he'd set out his pile of mail. One of the items was a giant envelope from a culinary school in Toronto. Gary ripped open the upper portion of the envelope and pulled out the papers. It was just like senior year of high school- the big envelopes mean you've been accepted, the little ones mean that, hey, you never really wanted to go to that shitty school in the first place. It had come as quite a shock when Gary had announced that he wanted to change his course of study at the end of his Div II. Since sophomore year of high school he'd been telling people that he wanted to be a graphic artist. He'd geared everything towards that end for the past five years, and look what had happened. End of fall semester in his third year in college, he'd been depressed, debunked, and miserable.

It'd been a hard time. Everyone was saying, just take the semester off, take some time to relax, go do a study abroad in the Bahamas! But it's never that easy. Gary knew then, that if he left, it was over, he'd be done for and that'd be it. Another slacker college student bites the dust. The last day of

classes found him walking past the library lawn, a grey snowy sky overhead, casting a bleak light over the campus. New England is a good place to be in a shitty mood, the weather is generally conducive. He'd been shuffling his feet along the ground, watching the flurries of snow collect around his ankles, when he heard a deep, huffed sigh ahead of him and then a shuffle of papers. He looked up and saw a girl sitting on the bench. Her twill winter coat had been carelessly left open, exposing her thin sweater and worn out corduroys to the bitter air. A shapeless knit hat failed in keeping her ratted brown hair out of her face as she bent over the pile of papers, sniffing bitterly and shuffling through them.

"Hey, Brittney." She looked up slightly bewildered, scanning the whole range of the lawn before looking at him. "Hey, Gary."

They'd had a class together last year, The Anthropology of Body Contour in Polynesian Society, SS-274 crossed with IA-193. Brittney was a Holyoke girl, slumming it on the Hampshire campus from time to time as she worked towards her degree in Bio-economics. When he'd met her a year ago she was still fresh to the college scene. Right out of prep school, her hair was always perfectly shined and glistening, her clothing name brand and always in style.

The last year had not been kind. Brittney had inevitably discovered the way of the five college L.U.G. She'd given up her name brand clothing for Salvation Army throwaways, exchanged her chemically toxic

hair products for all natural, homeopathic ones, and had gotten her very first, serious girlfriend, who dumped her after four months in exchange for a fem from U-Mass. Brittney had just learned that she would not be getting a evaluation from Lynn Miller, and as a result, her scholarship to Holyoke would be discontinued. Gary had always had a thing for being the knight in shining armor; he asked Brittney if she'd like to get a cup of coffee, and they set off to the Greenwich parking lot to get her car.

Ten minutes later their commiseration party had commenced in the back room of the Black Sheep. Actually, it hadn't been their commiseration party- it was mostly Brittney's. Gary had forgotten that under this ragged exterior was the same prep school girl who could babble on for hours about her own problems without giving her companion a second thought. He tried on several occasion to share his own miseries with her, the indecisions of his life, the fear that he had wasted years on some nonsense that he wasn't the least interested in, the horror of going home for winter break and trying to explain to his parents what had happened with the near hundred thousand dollars they had spent on his schooling. Brittney was consumed with herself though, and as Gary sat there, sipping his double shot mocha, nodding and agreeing at the appropriate moments, an idea began to form in his head.

Look at her, he thought. Just look at her. Brittney was a failure. The college life was too much for her. All that freedom

and independence? Wasted. He looked and saw the years of polishing school that had gone into her- Montessori as a preschooler, private school K through 10, prep school for two years before college- all that, and she'd still fallen apart in twelve months. She was afraid of the competition that would be presented to her at a co-ed college, so she'd gone to an all girls school, only to be dominated by her sweet talking roommate. She'd thrown out all her name brands, and then had taken Daddy's credit card down to the second hand store. She cursed The Man as she got drunk on a Friday night with her friends, and then called him the next afternoon to tell him that she was still his little princess.

Gary looked at her with disgust as she rambled on. He looked at her uncombed hair, at her plain, makeup-less face, at her moth eaten clothes. After failing to stand on her own two feet for even half a minute, she was about to rush back home to Mommy and Daddy's arms. They would bathe her, anoint her with sweet smelling perfumes, brush her hair until it shimmered with unaccountable gloss, throw out her clothing and dress her with new items right off the department store rack, tags still attached.

Those parents had never expected her to succeed. They had smiled at her cute, liberal ideas, encouraged her as she searched for colleges and proclaimed her major. All the while though, they sat back, waiting for her to crumble. There was probably a suitor all set up for her back at home, a recent Harvard grad no doubt, ready

to take his new prize wife by the hand, and like a shepherd, slowly coax her down the aisle.

Gary looked at her as he finished his coffee. But why wait? One shepherd is as good as another. Why not just put a detour on that simple life she was about to follow?

Brittney was looking at him askance now. He'd gotten too far lost in his train of thought, and had failed to nod at the appropriate interval. He smiled at her, pushing aside the faux pas, and taking her hand, said, "I want to take you somewhere." She'd smiled back coquettishly and nodded.

All was silent except for the murmur of the car's engine as they rode past the sign for Hampshire College. Her eyes trailed on the dimly lit wording as they drove past, and she looked back at him in question.

"I have somewhere special. It's a surprise though, you'll see when we get there."

"That's cool. Do you have anything we can drink when we get there? I want this to be a special night."

"It will be."

Gary smiled, a smile Brittney probably took flirtatiously. Actually, it was just really cracking him up that she thought they were going to have sex. It wasn't an unfounded idea on her part- they had had a one night stand last fall- but for Gary, this was totally different. It would be like screwing the chicken you were about to eat for dinner. He'd never really considered eating anyone before, not like this. But suddenly, it seemed perfectly rational. It was the thing to do. And he was calm about it, too. It had been a while since he'd been

this calm, this relaxed about anything. Without the help of any drugs, he felt euphoric. Gary looked at his hands for a moment, and realized, with an almost out of body feeling enveloping him that he had kept his gloves on the entire time he'd been in the car- no finger prints. As the empty farm fields and distant, dimly lit houses gave way to rougher roads and forest, Gary took a deep, fulfilling breath, complacent, for the first time in years, with his place in the world.

He sifted through the rest of his mail, the memory lingering on his taste buds. He'd finished the sandwich, and there was more meat just steps away in the cooler, but Gretchen was home, and his desire wasn't that strong anyway. Brittney had really been good for him, set his life straight. Over break he'd kept in almost daily touch with his committee, debating the merits of changing his course of study at this point, explaining to them the idealness of his new plan. By January he had his contract completely rewritten, and was set out on his new Div III: a study of the symbolism of cannibalism throughout time, and said symbolism's effect on the modern psychosis. He would graduate a semester later than expected, but that was all right. Culinary school was what was important. It's really amazing what it takes sometimes to set you out on the right path in life. If it hadn't been for Brittneyreally, who knows? Life can lead you in all kinds of directions, but in the end, all it really takes is one solid gut feeling.



CONTROL PANEL ON STUDENT APATHY CANCELLED DUE TO APATHETIC STUDENTS

by AJIL Hartley

Dude, I seriously meant to write an article on this. I know, I promised I would have this article in on time. I'm wicked sorry. See, the thing is, I had a lot of shit to do today. Well, I had a lot of shit to do last night and then I was wicked tired today so I took a nap and I woke up and it was like, 5 already. And then my friend came around and she was wicked depressed so we smoked, you know? And She wanted to go to Wendy's and I couldn't just ditch her. And then my boyfriend called and he was like, Where were you I've been calling forever. And he's kind of codependant so I had to go over there and do the consoling thing. And then I remembered I had to get some articles out for this paper that was due last thursday, but I saw my Div 2 professor there and I had to avoid her so, you know. And then I was like, Holy shit it's time for the Omen layout! So really, I'm wicked sorry. I really believe in free speech and like, I'm a writer so I guess I should do some you know, writing.

So I promise I'll write an article next time. Assuming I'm not you know, busy.



HALF-PAGE WRESTLING REVIEW

DIFFER CUP 3RD PLACE MATCH: NOAH (KENTA/KOTARO

SUZUKI) v. DDT (MIKAMI/KUDO)

Kenta is yo Daddy! And don't forget it. He owns this match kicking the indy scum duo from DDT right in the mush. MIKAMI takes an especially stupid kick, as it looks as he is supposed to somersault under it, and instead dives jaw-first into KENTA's boot. This takes it's time getting going, as DDT works over Kotaro Suzuki for a while. I would have rather seen Kanemaru or Marufuji, or heck Kikuchi teaming with KENTA, but Suzuki doesn't screw anything up. DDT has the best indy scum wrestlers in all of Japan. MIKAMI is willing to die for your sins, but it's KUDO who takes the stupidest bump of the match planting himself directly on his own skull after eating a Double Impact cum Jumping knee from the NOAH juniors. MIKAMI's ladder gets involved, and a good time i had by all.

DIFFER CUP FINALS: ZERO-ONE (TAKAIWA/SOME GUY I DON'T

KNOW) v. TORYUMON (ULTIMO DRAGON/YOSSINO)

Man, I love Ultimo, but he is a whole lotta nothing but three signature spots and I get the fall, since his comeback. I would have preferred almost anyone from Tory in this spot. Well, maybe not Arai. YOSSINO I enjoy in Toryumon proper, though he is overrated by most, he is basically a whole lotta neat looking spots, but he makes a good face in peril here as Zero-One wails on him for the majority of the match. This would have been better with K-Ness/Susumu, or Shuji/YASSHI or hell in the toryumon spot, but then they probably wouldn't have gotten the duke, and the win had to be good pub for Tory. Takaiwa managed not to annoy me too much, though he did enjoy breaking out the old professional wrestling has no effect on me (TM DEAN-I) spots. This wasn't nearly as good as the third place match, but was perfectly fun junior tag wrestling.



by Jeffrey Paternostro, Editor-in-Chief

Redsneakers Journalism

CAMPUS CRUSADE FOR BULLSHIT

by Jesse Frola

You know, at a college where people either step lightly to avoid offending others or blatantly cause strife through, well, the OMEN, I am surprised at the little Christ comics that have popped up throughout at least Dakin. These little bundles of intolerance are kind of the opposite of the "gloss over anything unpleasant or offensive" mindset most Hampshire attendees adopt. One of the points raised in these pamphlets was, and I quote: "Satan made all the gods of India." Now, generally speaking, I care about as much about religion as I do about whether or not someone unbeknownst to me chooses a fork or a spoon at SAGA; it never even becomes a matter of concern. When stupid shit happens, however, like being preached at (seriously or otherwise), or when the valuable separation between the church and the state starts to decay, I feel the need to take at least some form of action. I honestly believe in the fundamental human freedoms of religion and free speech. I believe that everyone, by very nature of their humanity, is permitted to both have their own set of religious values, as well as the right to speak about anything they damn well please...including said religion. I believe in more freedoms and rights than just those two, however. I believe in the freedom of apathy, which grants me the right to ignore whatever stupid shit you decide to utilize your right to free speech

on; and the freedom of sarcasm, which combines my rights of apathy and free speech into a cutting retort that may or may not hurt the original speaker's feelings. I am also considering believing in the fundamental human right of slapping people at will, simply because they are stupid. Bigots, for example, as well as anyone who believes in the unavoidable "Lake of Fire" referred to in most of these Christ comics, are prime targets for exercising my rights of apathy, sarcasm, and possibly slapping stupid people.

**"Satan made all
the gods of
India."**

This article is not an attack on your religion. I flat-out refuse to care enough about your religion to attack it in an article. I will warn all of you, however, that proselytizing is, no matter what your pastor or cult leader or whatever says, a horrible horrible idea. You will lose something: perhaps friends, perhaps the respect of your peers, or - if you are even slightly doubtful of your faith - your own damn self-respect. There are those of you out there who will refuse this advice, feeling that your faith is sufficient to carry them through all hardships and trials. I salute you, people of faith. I understand that this is your burden, and I smile sweetly to myself as I realize the possibility that your faith will force you into a life of celibacy, and your god-

loving genes will eventually be purged from the world.

Why do you even want to convert people in the first place? It seems to me that you people who spread your faith are like the total asshole with an STD who neglects to inform any of his partners. Can your religious fervor really be boiled down to, "Well, if I'm stuck with this, I may as well spread it around?" Of course not, you reply. God loves us all, why will you not turn to him and be loved? He can save you! Save you from sin! I have heard the story time and time again. Sin is a boss in Final

Fantasy 10, not my qualification exam for a mythical afterlife. Has it even occurred to you that other people may have another religion, one that pleases them and fulfills their spiritual needs? It may have, but as stated by an essential basic tenet of your proselytizing religion, NO RELIGION BUT YOURS IS VALID, end of story. Do not pass go, do not collect \$200, and throw away the Monopoly board; your heathen soul is doomed to the Lake of Fire!!! Despite how benevolent you may think your motives may be, I think I speak for more than simply myself when I say to you, with your intolerant religion and your wanton interest in the welfare of our souls, fuck off. My soul, my problem.



LET'S HEAR IT FOR OPPORTUNISM

I was originally going to title this article "Let's Hear it for Optimism", but then immediately realized it might sound too campy. I figured something more cynical and ironic sounding would be more appropriate. Actually, it is sincere—at least in part—the reason for which will soon be made clear. My rationale for writing this first, and possibly only, Omen submission is partially to respond to some things I've recently seen expressed both in this publication and around campus (most recently in the Omen, actually), and partially to vindicate some of my own personal anxieties and suspicions by putting them in writing.

These things, it so happens, concern national politics. So don't expect to be wowed with any spectacular comedic material. I'm afraid I don't have any. But maybe that's an irrational fear. I'll let you decide.

All of this may or may not have any bearing for you on what I'm going to say, but anyway I'll get to it. What I really want to address is the defeatist attitude certain people seem to have adopted regarding the upcoming presidential election. First, some words concerning Howard Dean. In my humble opinion, he deserved what he got. Not because of the hotheadedness, not the so-called "gaffes", nor even the now-infamous "Iowa speech" (although that was kinda funny.) Let's face it, most of that was media hype of the kind we experienced during the Gore campaign. The fact is that Dean got too confident. He thought he had already clinched the

nomination, and acted like it too. And his arrogance didn't seem to be overridden by his convictions, either.

Should we really have believed he couldn't have shown us the documents concerning his dealings with Enron? And what's with the cutting of Social Security and Medicare? Is there really any situation where that could be necessary?*

Props to Dick Gephardt, by the way, for bringing all of that stuff to our attention. Though it may have cost him Iowa, he let the truth be known. For that he earned my undying respect. To get back to my point, though, frankly I think Dean was a phony and didn't deserve the nomination. Now, to the dismay of some, we are left with John "I'm a war hero" Kerry. It is clear to me that Kerry is a blatant opportunist (more so than Dean) and a huge corporate-money whore. Therefore, he doesn't really deserve the nomination either. That having been said though, I do honestly believe that Kerry is more fit to beat Bush, because of a) his war record, b) his experience in Washington and c) the fact that he's taller than both Dean and Bush. And that third one is far more important than you might think. Shorty.**

Regarding policy, I'm not too concerned with what Kerry says he plans to do while at the helm of this mammoth barge we call America. It has quickly become apparent to me in my minimal experience that social change comes very... very... slowly. If we're lucky, he'll only do half of what he says he'll do,

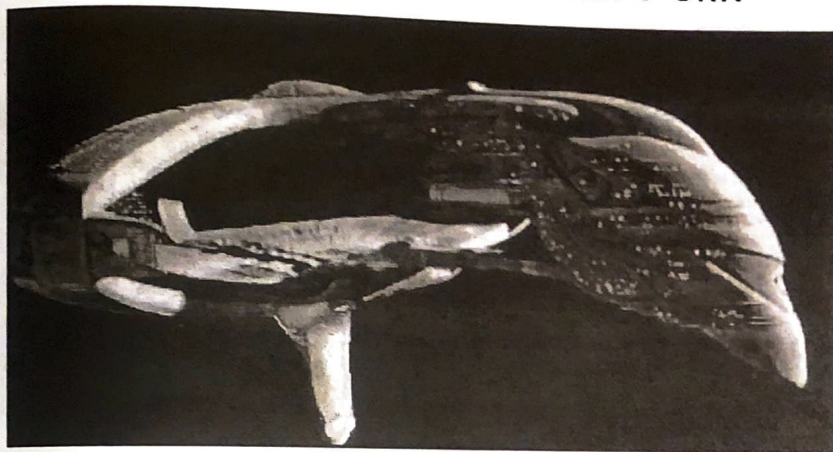
and then most of that will be undone by the next Republican administration, anyway. He may not be as progressive as Dean (and Dean isn't very,) but hey, at least he's liberal. Since the beginning I've been clinging pretty strongly to that "anyone's better than Bush" philosophy, hence my general disinterest in participating in any primaries. I was pretty confident that Democrats would nominate the most electable (i.e. Bush-beatable) candidate in the end, and it's looking like that will be the case.

None of this means I plan on becoming a Kerry cheerleader or a Democratic Party hack for the next nine months. I don't think this race will be left up to the manpower and money put behind each campaign. Ultimately it will be decided by how people are left viewing the Bush administration, and that will depend on how much of the truth about them is made known. Kerry seems to be making some progress in that area, but in the end, if things turn out well (which I believe they will), we will owe a lot to individual activist groups like MoveOn.org. With all due respect to the Editor-in-Chief, I think MoveOn is making a huge difference and is one of the best allies/outlets we have in this year's race. They've been sponsor of numerous political rallies and debates—none of which, to my knowledge, have been particularly "indignant" at all—as well as an organizing center for several successful petitions

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by Nathaniel Beckman

OFFICIAL OMEN STAR TREK PORN



by Karl Moore

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LET'S HEAR IT FOR...

and campaigns, for example the push to reject the GOP's outrageous FCC rule changes. They are quite possibly the most successful non-partisan nonprofit group in recent years. Moreover, I think the "Bush in 30 Seconds" campaign is brilliant, and can be effective as a powerful blend of democracy and creative ability. The ads, for those who don't know, were chosen in a contest which had over a thousand entries. The winning ads, moreover, were picked by everyday people (anyone could vote), not just radical fire-breathers. And just for the record, the Bush-Hitler comparison ads were entered as part of the contest (refusing consideration would be censorship), were condemned by MoveOn, and were quickly removed from the site... most importantly, they were never aired!

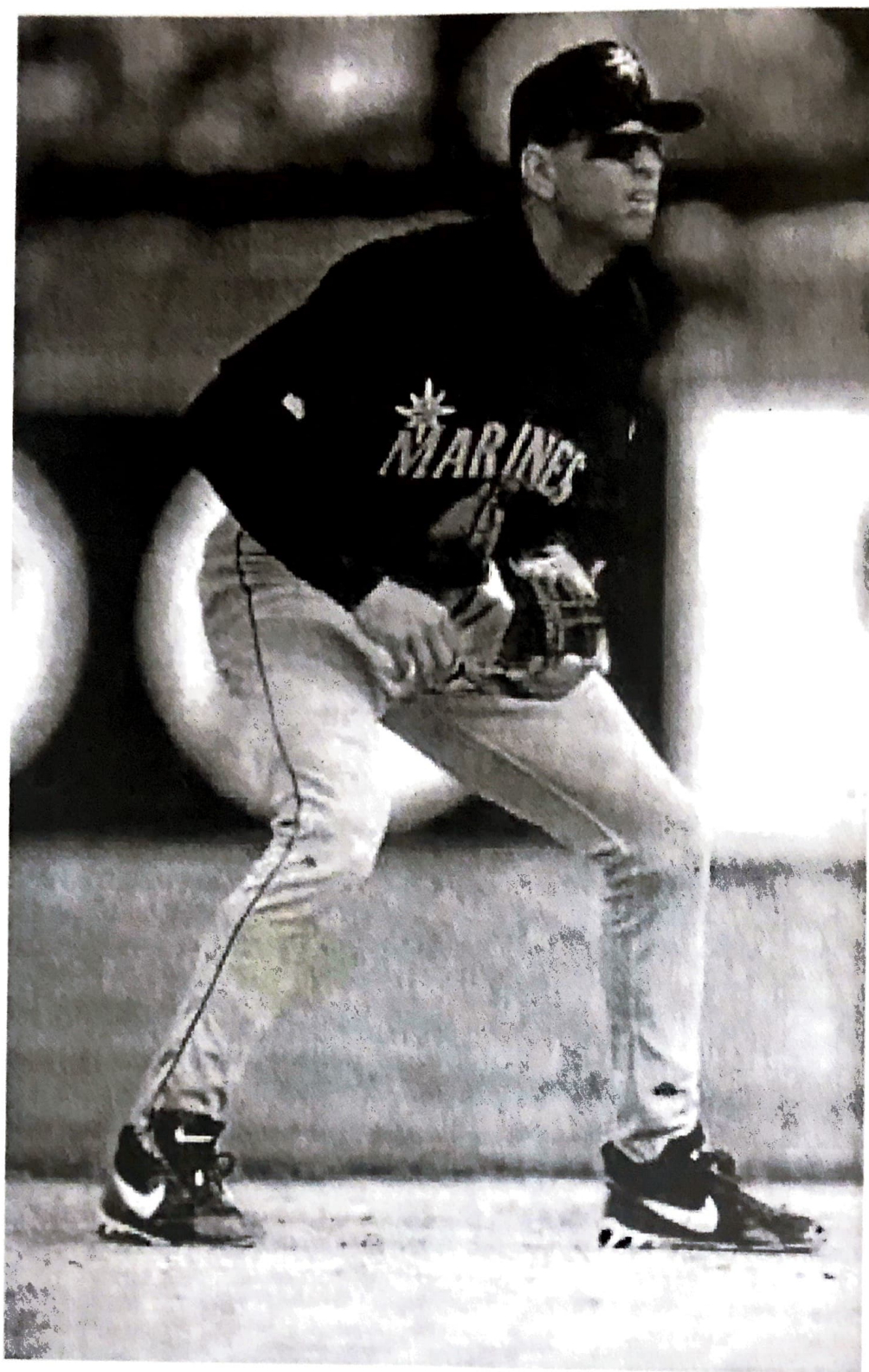
Call me a naive, mindless optimist if you like. I don't profess to know much at all about politics. Regardless, what I'm trying to get at is that there is still hope, because there is no real reason to believe we can't take down Bush this year. Stranger things have happened... MUCH stranger things. Sure, Bush may have many millions more dollars in campaign money and the advantage of incumbency, but he's also a liar, a cheat, and a criminal. The evidence for this is plentiful, and it is merely up to his opponents to make it widely known. WE can help in doing this. We can also count as a blessing this fact: John Kerry, being the opportunist that he is, will stop at nothing to discredit Bush and will use anything against him that he can find. And by George, there sure is a lot for him to find.

Sorry about the pun. I told you this wouldn't be funny.

* These are not rhetorical questions. I honestly don't know! If anyone has the answers, enlighten me.

** Just kidding. This has been shown to make a difference, though. The taller candidate almost always wins.





THE OMEN SALUTES THE NEW YORK YANKEES FOR PROVING TO
CHILDREN EVERYWHERE, THAT THERE IS NOTHING MONEY CAN'T
BUY. KEEP REACHING FOR THE STARS!